

WEE WISDOM

"Ye are of God, little
Children. . . .
Greater is He that is
in you than he that
is in the world."



WEE WISDOM

STANDS FOR

The unwarped faith that believeth and hopeth all things.

"All things are possible to them that believe."

The freshness and purity that beholdeth Good Always.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The joy and gladness that are fullness of life and health.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy.....
.....Thou wilt show me the path of life."

The truth that frees from the clutches of race heredity.

"One is your Father, even God."

The knowledge that *Jesus Christ* is the subjective spirit of every child.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

The understanding that our word is the builder of our environment.

"For without the Word was not anything made that was made."

Be ye therefore perfect, :: :: :: ::

Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

—JESUS.



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No. 8.

Little Builders.

An house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.—2 Cor. 5:1.

I.

Children you have heard the story,
For 'tis centuries old,
Of the city—home of glory—
With its streets inlaid with gold.

II.

Darlings, all of you are building
Your own mansions, weak or strong;
Gold of Truth in walls you're welding,
Or you build with straw of wrong.

III.

May your towers be dreams of beauty,
Dear Wee Wisdoms, everywhere;
Built of love, joy, faith and duty,
Richest gems of jewels rare.

IV.

Aye, the world shall see the shining
From the consecrated height,
Of these temples you are lining
With these holy jewels bright.



V.

For the height is Christ, my wee ones —
Christ the Rock on which you stand;
Then you build with sweet, kind actions,
Homes of Health, my happy band.

—Theresa B. H. Brown.

*The Fairy's Secret.**Helen L. Manning.*

Josephine threw herself down on the ground and declared, with a snap of her black eyes, that everything had gone wrong with her that day, and that everybody had been just as provoking and hateful as they could be. She felt a queer little twinge inside of her when she said this, for the face of her sweet, patient mamma flashed before her inner vision, whom her better self knew was never provoking or hateful.

In the first place she was late for breakfast. But was she to blame that her shoe-strings got all knotted up and finally one of them broke? Was she to blame because she bumped her head against the staircase, and stepped on the cat's tail when she got to the landing? Then she had to hurry so at breakfast that she spilled her cup of milk on the tablecloth, forgot to say "thank you" when she was helped, and refused to say "if you please" when she wanted something more, and finally was sent away from the table before she had finished her breakfast. How could her mamma be so unkind! Here she felt that uncomfortable little twinge inside which she tried to ignore by going on with her list of grievances.

It was just as bad at school as it had been at home. The teacher was cross, and gave her hard words to spell, and she missed giving the right answer to a question in arithmetic which that hateful little Susie Clark answered as promptly as could be. At intermission some of the girls refused to play with her, and the boys teased her, and when she went off in a corner and pouted, Tommy Stone declared in a stage whisper to his brother that Josephine's lip would make a good shelf for his reader! Could anything be more provoking? Coming home from school she caught her dress and tore it. Mamma was mending it now, she knew; meantime having sent her little daughter out into the orchard by herself for rest and quiet, and to have a good "think."

The events of the unhappy day grew less and less distinct as Josephine lay on the grass under the cool shade of her favorite tree, while a robin overhead trilled and chirped, "Cheer up! Cheer up!"

Josephine never was able to tell just how it was, but suddenly she looked up, and there standing close beside her was a real, live fairy. She knew he was a fairy as soon as she saw him, for had she not read descriptions of fairies a hundred time? The face of this one looked strangely like a rosy-cheeked apple, but it was all covered with smiles and

dimples, and his eyes had such a merry twinkle that she could not keep from smiling back into them, and all her unhappiness melted away in the smile.

"What made you invite the wrong fairy to be your companion this morning when you got out of bed, little girl Josephine?" commenced the fairy in a voice as sweet as the rippling of a water brook.

Josephine was almost too astonished to reply, but managed to say that she had seen no fairy in the morning, and that in fact she never saw one in all her life until he stood before her this very minute.

"No, I don't suppose you did see them, but really and truly there were two fairies waiting by your pillow this morning, and they are there every morning, too. This is the secret I came to tell you. One is Fairy Good Thoughts, and the other is Fairy Bad Thoughts, and when you make your choice as to which one you will begin the day with, the other drops behind, but he always keeps within easy call should you change your mind. Fairy Good Thoughts is all dimpling over with smiles and sunshine, and when you take him with you, you are just bubbling over with happiness yourself, and you make everybody happy who comes near you.

"But no matter how bright the sun may be shining, Fairy Bad Thoughts brings a black cloud with him, and sometimes the thunder and lightning of angry words and cross looks burst right out of it, and that affects other people unpleasantly. Did you ever see anything of the kind, little girl Josephine?"

The fairy looked at her quizzically, and Josephine blushed and hung her head.

"Fairy Bad Thoughts almost always brings a pair of eye-glasses along, and puts them over your eyes when you invite him to be your companion, and I am inclined to think," continued the fairy, looking at Josephine critically, "that you have been wearing them to-day. There is a little frown-mark between the eyes with which he fastens them on. If you don't cut his acquaintance the mark will stay on your face all the time, and that would be dreadful."

Here Josephine raised her hand and passed it quickly over her face to see if she could detect the glasses or the mark.

"The glasses are invisible, little girl," said the fairy, answering her thought: "but the queer thing about them is that you never can see straight when you have them on. You think that the whole world is upside down and everything criss-cross, when the real fault is in Fairy Bad Thought's glasses.

You can prove this any time by calling in the aid of Fairy Good Thoughts, who immediately pulls off these glasses, and you can see at once how sweet and lovely everybody and everything is. Then he will whisper in your ear something nice which you can do to help mamma or someone else, and you will feel so good inside that you will almost fancy you have wings as you fly from one loving service to another. Make Fairy Good Thoughts your fast friend, and he will bring you love and friends wherever you are. And that's the way to be happy."

Just here a big apple concluded to take a tumble from the tree, and its plump, rosy cheek nestled down by Josephine's plump, rosy cheek. She sat up with a start and rubbed her eyes. There were no spectacles over her eyes; neither could she see the darling little fairy who had been talking to her. Slowly she rose to her feet and walked to the house thinking very hard. When she reached the sewing room she threw her arms around her mamma's neck and gave her a big kiss, saying:

"Mamma, dear, I have such a wonderful thing to tell you at bed-time to-night. It's about something that happened when I was down in the orchard. And—and, mamma, I—, I think I will keep Fairy Good Thoughts with me all the time after this."

Mamma smiled lovingly, and said that she was glad it was not many hours to bed-time, for she wanted very much to know what had made her little daughter so bright and happy. And at bed-time she found out.

A Garden Fair.

HELEN A. FUSSELL.

I will sing you a song
Of a garden fair,
Wherein were sown seeds
That brought blossoms rare.

Love, joy and kindness,
And hearty good cheer,
Were the seeds that were sown
And flowered here.

The garden fair
Was a little child's mind,
And the seeds were these thoughts,
Just the very best kind.

Our Brothers and Sisters.

"Think how bleak a world this would be if it were quite empty of birds and animals! Imagine a broad field of grass without a living thing in it! Picture a forest with boughs and branches and leaves all dancing in the sunshine, and never a robin, nor a sparrow, nor a linnet; think of a hill-side without a squirrel or rabbit to run and frisk.

"The busy bees, the merry crickets, the grass-hoppers and speckled butterflies, the curious little squirrels, the shy rabbits, the bluejays, the woodpeckers, the chattering sparrows, the cooing doves and the quails—all are filled with the same life which animates us. They are our little brothers and sisters in feathers and furs, and we owe them love, care and remembrance."

We were so pleased with this *small scrap of big truth* which we found in "*The Sunday School Visitor*," that we want all our Wee Wisdoms to hear it.

Much as we have talked about the *One Life* in all, we had never thought to call these wee-er sharers of it "our little brothers and sisters." It is a wonderful name for them and really makes us feel a family pride in them, as well as compels us to have a care to *their* life-rights.

If you think *we* have all the wisdom, you are fooling yourself, for they are sharers in the *One Mind* as well as the *One Life*.

Why, the tiny ant you so unthoughtedly set foot on, was held up as a teacher of wisdom by Solomon. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise."

Here is a true little story about our wee ant brothers and sisters. There was a community of them once made up their mind that pie was a good thing to have—which goes to prove their relationship to us—and they were not long in locating a pantry where pie was always to be found on the shelf. They made *that* pantry their dining-room. They were very regular in their habits, they came to breakfast every morning at seven o'clock, and had *pie* for breakfast.

They came to dinner every afternoon at four and had *pie* for dinner. The cook objected. They had never *hired* him to make pies for them, and he had no idea of passing them off for relations. So he walled the pies all round with a ring of molasses, and then watched the result.

Next morning the little hive of ants came marching in from a corner to breakfast as usual, headed by their leader. When he reached the molasses he

Christ is Risen.

A Concert Exercise for Easter.

[For suggestions see page 66.]

INTRODUCTORY SONG BY THE SCHOOL: "Beautiful Morning" (Gospel Hymns), or any other song appropriate to the occasion.

THOUGHT FOR MEDITATION: Christ is in my consciousness this day.

SPEECH BY SMALL BOY: "Builders" (Third page WEE WISDOM).

RESPONSIVE EXERCISES.

By Aurora, teachers, superintendent and school.

SCPT.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

TEACHERS.—And they brought unto him also infants, that he should touch them: but when his disciples saw it they rebuked them.

SCHOOL.—But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

SCPT.—Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

TEACHERS.—The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fating together.

SCHOOL.—And a little child shall lead them.

SCPT.—They shall not hurt nor destroy in all thy holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters that cover the sea.

RECITATION BY YOUNG LADY.

Little children, do you wonder,
In the spring time of the year,
When you see each brown twig bursting
With new life and happy cheer;
When you see each brilliant crocus,
Hyacinth and daffodil
Peeping, smiling from the cold earth,
Till your hearts with joy they thrill?

Do you wonder why this gladness?
Why this joy and all this bliss?
Why the butterfly's gay colors,
As it comes from chrysalis?
Why sweet songs from all the birdies?
Why the murmuring of the brook,
Freed from winter's icy fetters;
New life, new life where'er we look?

Children, they are symbols given
Of the Christ arisen in you;
And they say in purest language,

Health, peace, gladness all are true.
Christ, the Holy One, is risen,
And His love shines everywhere,
In the warm sun's radiant brightness,
In the ocean, earth and air.

Nature teaches, "Be thou trusting,"
Simply growing in His love,
Letting angel thoughts flow in you
From the Source of All above;
Trusting calmly in His presence,
Letting Him your lives adorn,
Then, dears, each day will be to you
As a joyful Easter morn.

AURORA.—(*Sings. Tune, "When the mists have rolled away."*)

Easter bells are gladly ringing,
Message of the souls new morn,
Happy voices sweet are singing,
In our hearts the Spring is born.
Little hands with joy are bringing
Sweetest symbol of the day:
Flowers in the garden springing
And along the woodland way.

ALL.—(*Standing, join in chorus.*)

Flowers are the symbol sweet
Of the soul's new radiant morn.
From earth's prison they have risen
Shining stars; they earth adorn.
Christ is risen, Christ is risen
In our hearts this Easter morn.

(*All, except Aurora, are seated.*)

AURORA.—(*Singing, leads Lily to the front.*)

From her stock, a lily slender
With her white hand beckons me;
I will bring her pale and tender,
Symbol of soul purity.

LILY.—(*Singing.*)

Night unfolds the flower of morning,
Like the budding of the rod;
From the darkness springs the dawning,
Like a lily from the sod.

ALL.—(*Standing, sing chorus as above.*)

SCPT.—And why take ye thought of raiment?
Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they
toil not, neither do they spin and yet I say unto you
that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like
one of these.

SCHOOL.—I will be as the dew unto Israel; he
shall grow as the lily and cast forth his roots as
Lebanon.

SCPT.—Then will he grow in Truth, for Israel
represents the interior principle of Divine Truth,

Wee Wisdom

and the lily symbolizes the first state of the new birth.

AUROBA.— (*Continuing Flower Song, leads Primrose forward and sings.*)

I will bring the fairy primrose,

With her message from the wood;

PRIMROSE.— (*Sings.*)

From our flower-lips the hymn rose:

ALL THE FLOWERS.—

God is all, and God is Good.

AUROBA.— (*Leading Buttercup forward.*)

And the buttercup's rich treasure

I will purloin for our shrine.

BUTTERCUP.—

From my chalice, golden measure,

You may drink celestial wine.

ALL.— (*Sing chorus as above.*)

AUROBA.— (*Sings as she brings Crocus forward.*)

I bring crocus, blue robe wearing,

CROCUS.—I am mirror of the sky.

AUROBA.— (*Bringing Daffodil also to the front.*)

And the daffodil, so daring—

DAFFODIL.—I am aspiration high.

AUROBA.— (*Leading three ferns forward and*

placing one between and one at each side of the two flowers at the front of stage as she sings.)

Here's the gift of golden hours,

Which I wreath with emerald fern,

There's a message in the flowers

Which our loving hearts discern.

ALL.— (*Sing chorus and take seats as above.*)

RECITATION BY BOY OR GIRL.

Underneath the sod in darkness,

Lay a little pansy seed,

Knowing well it was a flower,

Not a noxious weed.

In the spring it came a-peeping

Through the mould and sod,

Knew it would express the beauty

Of a thought of God.

So all hidden lies the Christ-child

In the heart of each,

Always knowing, "I am perfect"—

When this consciousness we reach,

Out we blossom in our beauty,

As the pansy through the sod;

Picture forth in glowing radiance

All our thoughts of God.

SUPT.—Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.

SCHOOL.—Are ye not much better than they?

AUROBA.— (*Continuing Flower song as she leads Tulip forward.*)

Here's a tulip from my garden,

Early riser in the Spring.

TULIP.—

Without Winter's lief or pardon,

Message of God's love I bring.

AUROBA.— (*Leading Spring Beauty forward.*)

Almost to the north winds' playing,

Brave spring beauties nod and dance.

SPRING BEAUTY.—

Our wee forms with strength arraying,

We put courage in our glance.

ALL.— (*Sing chorus as before after which all seat themselves except Aurora.*)

AUROBA.— (*Advancing with Violet.*)

The sweet violet from her hiding

With her blue eye witches me,

VIOLET.—

Meek, in lowly place abiding,

I am named humility.

AUROBA.— (*Advancing with Anemone.*)

Like a risen soul's reflection,

Gleams this white anemone.

ANEMONE.—

Sweet that hint of resurrection

In a small, frail flower like me.

ALL.— (*Sing chorus and seat themselves as before.*)

SUPT.—Because I live, ye shall live also.

SCHOOL.—I am the resurrection and the life.

Song by the school: "Easter Song," page 97.

SUPT.—Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

SCHOOL.—Amen.

SCENARIOS: This program can be given Sunday morning with or without costuming the children of the Flower Song, if the parents and teachers think the costumes too much trouble, as it is very pretty without.

It can be used for an evening exercise just as it is, or the stanzas of the Flower Song can be combined and used as a separate exercise, and other recitations substituted if desired.

Nine little girls from the infant school, each adorned to represent a flower, sit in a semicircle on the platform. The leader who stands for Easter gloriously Morning is dressed in costume to represent the glories of the early morning skies, and her dress is trimmed with morning glories (paper).

Other children, girls or boys, or girls and boys, can be dressed to represent ferns and can be seated at either side and behind the group forming a background and bringing into relief the costumes of the flower children. The fern children sing the chorus with Aurora and the flowers.

Aurora takes each flower's hand, as she sings of that blossom, and the flower steps a pace to the front. At the close of each stanza, Aurora and the flower who is singing wave their hands, the other flowers and all the ferns rise to their feet as they all join in the chorus, step one step closer to Aurora and the child who is singing, wave their hands all together and on the repeated chorus step backward and be seated. Each fern, beside the costume, carries a fern (paper) in right hand; and each flower carries her particular flower on a long stem, or if it is a tiny flower, a wreath of them. In the song dialogue, have each flower child promptly take up her part as Aurora stops singing. If this should seem difficult and the child unable to strike in promptly, Aurora should softly start the child's part with her before allowing her own voice to drop out in order that the continuity of the song be sustained. For further suggestions see "Primary School, page 94."

Editor of Wee Wisdom:

FULTON, ILL.

I received the books which I saw advertised in *Wee Wisdom* and am very much pleased with them. "The Gap in the Fence" is a beautiful story, and cannot help but make all little boys and girls happier and kinder who read it. Mothers can also learn wisdom from Mrs. Jewel and Mrs. Lincoln. I shall lend my book to as many children and mothers as I can, and hope Miss Jerome will soon see fit to write a sequel to it. Surely it seems that the story is but begun. "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishing Well," "Big Truths for Little People," "Johnnie's Victory," and "Wee Wisdom's Way" will be a great help in my Sunday School class. It was very nice for you to greet us at Christmas time with the picture of yourself and three boys. I think Rick's "Evolution of Santa Claus" very good indeed, and certainly most original. Wishing success to *WEE WISDOM*, and all who help to make it, I am
Yours sincerely, F. R. M.

The "Big Oak's" Story.

Kate L. Cutler.

The leaves had floated down from the trees and lay in heaps upon the ground, and everything told of the passing of the seasons, except the bright sunshine and balmy air which seemed quite out of place in November. It was just as if the days of the months had been mixed up, and a warm September day had dropped in among the bleak November ones. A little girl quite alone by herself appeared well aware of the value of this gift of nature; for, after wandering about under the trees for awhile, she threw herself down at the foot of a tall, stately oak, whose top seemed to her up in the clouds, and gave herself up to dreamy enjoyment.

It was a wonderful tree, and was known for miles around as a landmark in a country where trees were numerous. The "Big Oak" it was called, and Elsie, who had not long lived near it, felt childlike wonder and admiration at its size and especially its height. So now she gazed up through the bare branches and wondered how it ever grew so tall. She repeated to herself what she had been taught at school, "Tall oaks from little acorn grow." At last she spoke aloud, "Oh! wonderful tree, how could you grow so tall? Could you have ever been a little acorn? Haven't you a voice somewhere in your great trunk to tell me?"

As she ceased speaking there came a gentle murmur from among the bare branches. "Listen, listen," it seemed to say, and Elsie leaned her head

against the great trunk and answered, "I am listening." So this is what the Big Oak told her, or rather this is what I have heard that he said to her, for I myself have never seen either Elsie or the "Big Oak."

"Long, long ago, so long that a little girl can have no idea of such a length of time, I was an acorn, and swayed in the breeze on the top of nearly as tall a tree as I am now. I loved my home up so near the sky. But one day there came a mighty wind that tossed the branches about, and threw me with many of my companions to the ground. How long we lay there I do not know, but I sorely missed my tree-top home. It must have been in the autumn, for soon the squirrels came and carried me, with many of my brothers and sisters, a half a mile away to store us in some hollow trees. I was dropped, and I rolled away to a place where the ground was soft and moist. There I lay till a great bear came by and he trod me down into the soft earth. I thought I was in prison, and I cried for my old home under the blue sky. At last I cried myself to sleep. I know not how long I slept, but I woke with such a longing for the sky that it seemed as if I must break the bonds that held me and soar away to the blue. Finally I burst my brown jacket and reached out, groping in the darkness, but not finding the blue sky, and feeling my heart would break for it, I tried again, and something within told me how to send a sprout in the right direction. Mother Earth was very kind, for she fed and nourished me, and soon I got my first peep at the beautiful blue sky for which I had so longed. My motto from that time to this has ever been "Higher, still higher!" and no one need be ashamed of such a motto, or of trying to grow nearer to heaven."

I have been a long time in gaining my present stature, but each day I have grown as much as I could, without ever thinking of stopping. When a day was cold and stormy, and I could not grow much, I have still done what I could, and have waited patiently for the beloved blue to appear again in the heavens. Now I have outgrown my parent tree, which I can see to the west, and I am prond of my height, though I still wish to go higher. But remember that I was once smaller than you, though you have that in you which makes you greater than I; and remember, too, that my motto is a good one.

The child is the universe; in him lies hidden all the potentialities of God.—JOSEPHINE C. LOCK.

Juvenile Bible Lessons.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

Lesson 12. March 19.

Christ the Good Shepherd. John 10:1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.*—John 10:11.

Jesus Christ is the Good Shepherd of the sheep, that is; Christ dwells in the heart of all and shows us the true, good way to live. Jesus Christ speaks to us in our heart, and calls us by name, and tells us what to do in all things. If we are very, very still and listen we will hear that gentle voice within our own soul. Every little child is God's little lamb, but every little child does not seem to know this. Now that we know it let us help others to know it, also. We shall always know the voice of Christ if we are willing to do His way and listen to what he has to say to us. If anyone asks you to do anything that is wrong, or if you, yourself, should think of disobeying mother or father, then you must know this is a strange voice and not the voice of Christ, for Christ tells us and shows us the true, obedient way.

God is All Good, and loves you so dearly.

Not one little sparrow that falls to the ground is forgotten by God.

Always remember God's love, and nothing can hurt you. Why if a wild animal walked up to you and you were not afraid, and remembered that God would care for you and keep you safe, the animal could not touch you; he would not dare; he would just go slinking off where he came from.

I once knew a little girl who went through a large field where there was a big wild bull. The little girl was not afraid, and the bull did not touch her. When she had reached the other side of the field and crawled under the fence, a woman came running out of a house so frightened and said to the little girl, "My! My! Did you come way across that field. It's a wonder the bull didn't hook you."

Never be afraid of anything for Christ will hold you safe in His arms, just as the good shepherd holds the little lamb.

Lesson 13. March 26.

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT: *My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.*—John 10:27

We have learned to know that we all belong to God; we are all His dear children. He will never leave us nor forsake us. He will hold our hand and show us the true way. The true way is to do as Jesus Christ taught. To follow Jesus is to love everyone, and to be gentle and kind. Jesus taught that we must never speak crossly to anyone, nor must we strike back, nor even feel ugly, but just be patient and gentle with everyone, no matter what they do. This is easy for us when we remember that we are always speaking to the Christ-child in the heart of everyone, and surely we would never wish to say any unkind word to the Christ, no we could not do that and everyone is the true Christ-child in Spirit, for Jesus said, "I am in you."

Here is a little story that was once told to me. Once there was a woman who wanted very much to have the Christ come and see her. So, one day, she was told that the Christ would come that day, so she went to work very busily to get her house ready. She swept and swept and began putting everything in order. By and by a knock came at her door, so she ran quickly to open it. There stood a poor old man who asked if he might come in and rest awhile and warm himself a little; but the woman said, "My good man, I am so busy I cannot stop; my house is all upset for I am looking for the Master's coming;" and so the poor man went on his way. Then the woman went on with her sweeping and dusting, and after awhile another knock came at her door. Then the woman ran quickly for she thought it must be the Master. She opened the door and there stood an old lady carrying a heavy basket. "Will you let me rest awhile in your kitchen, and give me a little bread? I have come a long journey."

"I would, willingly," answered the woman, "but today I cannot for I am so busy getting my house ready for the Master's coming. Next door, perhaps they will take you in." So the old woman went on her way.

Pretty soon a little timid knock came at her door, and the woman ran quickly to open it, for this time she thought it must be the Master, but there stood only a little girl crying.

"See, my dress is all torn and I cannot go to school, so please will you mend it for me?" said the child.

But the woman said: "I am so busy I cannot stop to hunt a needle and thread, ask some one else. The Master is coming to visit me and I must be ready for Him." So the little child went sadly away.

Night came and the Master had not come, and at last the woman fell fast asleep and then she

dreamed that Jesus Christ stood before her; and he looked at her sorrowfully.

"Oh, why did you not come before," said the woman. "I waited for you so long."

The Master answered her, "Three times have I visited you this day, and three times have you turned me away."

Then the woman remembered the old man, the old lady and the child.

Lesson 1 April 2.

An Easter Lesson. John 11:32-45.

GOLDEN TEXT: *I am the resurrection and the life.* John 11-25.

Easter day is a beautiful day. Every place is then decorated with bright flowers to make us think of life.

God's life and there is no death. Nothing ever dies that is good or true. Jesus did not die. He only seemed to die, and was buried; but after three days he arose out of the grave, and was alive like others. Lazarus was also buried and said to be dead, but he lived when Jesus spoke the words, "Lazarus, come forth," and came out of the tomb.

This all teaches us there is no real death. When the flesh dies it is buried, but no one can shut up the soul or spirit. God's thought can never die, and everyone's spirit or soul is the thought of God, and has His life.

God loves us and gives us His life that we may never die. God can never lose any of His children, He has them all always with Him no matter what they may seem to do or be.

Did you ever see a little flower turn brown on its stem and seem to wither, but if you look closely you will find a little seed there, and by and by the little seed ripens and falls into the earth and then another plant springs up; so you see it did not really die, for it lives again. Life is everlasting.

Lesson 2. April 9.

The Anointing in Bethany. John 12:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT: *She hath done what she could.*—Mark 14:8.

When we have done the best we know let us not fret or feel badly if people scold at us and find fault, for God sees only the good and is pleased with us. When we try hard, and do what we can then we may hear God say in our heart, "Well done."

Never fret at what people say, for we should love God so much that we only care to do good for Christ's sake. Then if we do not mind what people think or say, by and by everyone will be pleased with us, and will see only the good in what we do.

Let us never be selfish or stingy, but give all that we have for Christ's sake, just as Mary gave all her precious ointment to Jesus, and poured it over his feet. She gave the very best she had. Some people found fault with her for this, but Jesus knew she had done a good deed and told them all so, for he said, "Leave her alone, she hath done what she could."

The true way to give to God is to do all for Christ's sake, thinking and knowing that Jesus Christ lives in our heart and teaches us the best to do. If we have anything to give, let us give it gladly and willingly. Never be afraid that if you give away half of your orange there won't be enough for yourself, for the half orange will be much sweeter if you are generous and give away the other half. Sometimes it is best to give the whole orange away.

Always do the best you know and you will be blessed. Ask God to lead and teach you the right way, for God teaches us all Truth.

A Snowflake.

I am just a little snowflake,
Soft and white and fluttering,
Light enough to drift on breezes—
Just a whisper of a thing.

Beautiful as truth, and graceful
As a pure ennobling thought,
For, to Nature's law obedient,
Perfect symmetry I sought.

Just a stainless, glistening snowflake,
Just a bit of God's own love,
Caught and crystalized in whiteness,
Wafted from the heavens above.

—HARRIET LOUISE JEROME in *The Child's Paper*.

I believe in the child. I believe in the possibilities for good in him, no matter what heredity may have forced upon him. I believe in his divine right to see with good eyes, to feel with the good heart, to express with the good sense. I believe in his ultimate liberation from evil, and his return to the source of his best attributes.—EMELINE A. DUNN in *Kindergarten Magazine*.



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March!

March! March! Is it true
You're all roar and blow and bellow,
Namesake of that heathen fellow,
Mars, the God of war?

Whiff! Puff! Not I.
If I'm noisy in my blowing,
'Tis to set the spring buds growing.
The true God serve I.

Our Easter Program.

We call especial attention to the Easter Program given in this number of WEE WISDOM. We have gotten it to you this early that you may utilize it in your Sabbath Schools to the glory of God and the Joy and profit of all concerned. We trust that our Wisdom's will enter into the rendering of it with their whole mind, might and soul, and thus make it a living truth they are giving forth. Our thanks are due to the dear friends who have so gladly and lovingly contributed to this Easter program, and to Mrs. Theresa Brown especially is the credit due for its appearance and success.

The appointments are so clearly and simply explained we feel sure the program can be easily carried out.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WEE WISDOM is now mailed by itself on the first of every month. UNITY is mailed on the fifteenth of every month.

WEE WISDOM is 50 cents per year.

UNITY is \$1.00 per year.

Until August 1, WEE WISDOM will be sent free to all subscribers to UNITY who remit \$1.00. At that date, the beginning of a new volume, both UNITY and WEE WISDOM will be improved and different subscription rates prevail. Send all subscriptions to

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
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Here is the message and blessing that comes from Mr. Morgan with his Easter music: "The music is simple and of a joyful nature, and I hope the WEE WISDOM children will so joyfully sing it that the homes into which WEE WISDOM enters may be thrilled with a realization of happiness and contentment here on earth, even in our midst."

The article in this issue entitled "Our Little Brothers and Sisters" is reprinted from WEE WISDOM of September, 1894. Under this heading we hope to give an interesting series concerning our little relatives in fur and feathers. We need our love and sympathy widened and our interest broadened by this better acquaintance with them.

Books for the Little Ones.

"How Edith Found Fairyland" is a new book just out, published by F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago, and written by Nina Lillian Morgan, and we are sure all who read it will bear us out in the assertion that it is the *very best* book ever written for children. Price 75 cents.

"Big Truths for Little People" by Alice E. Cramer is a most instructive and wholesome book for children.

"A Gap in the Fence," a sweet, pure, delightful story, by Harriet Louise Jerome, price \$1.25.

"Springwood Tales" by Helen Augusta Fussell, a book of stories and verses fresh and fragrant as spring blossoms, price \$1.00.

"Aunt Seg's Catechism," splendid for Sabbath Schools. Price 50 cents.

"Johnnie's Victory" by Sarah Elizabeth Griswold. Price 50 cents.

"The Story of Teddy" by Helen Van Anderson.

"Truth's Fairy Tales" by Julia Winchester. \$1.00.

"Tim's Fairy Tales" by Sarah Wilder Pratt. Price 50 cents.

"Dorothy's Travels to Nowhere Land and Return to Glory Island" by Edie Blodgett. Price 25 cents.

And for older children:

"A Slumber Song" by Nina Lillian Morgan. Two styles of binding 75 cents and \$1.00.

"Koradine Letters" by Alice Stockham and Lida Hood Talbot. Price \$1.00.

"Wee Wisdom's Way" by Myrtle Fillmore. Price 25 cents.

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